

304
The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.—Deuteronomy, 32:7.

Bulletin No. 304, March 15th, 1936

The Lord is not slack concern-
in his promise, as some men count
slackness; but is long-suffering
to us-ward, not willing that any
should perish, but that all should
come to repentance. 2 Peter, 3:9

"Forgive, O Lord, we pray thee
all that we have done amiss, all
that we have spoken falsely or in
anger, and all that we have thought
or purposed against thy will.

Forgive our ignorant and hasty
faults, our willful and deliberate
offenses, and all our sins of sloth-
fulness and negligence. Forgive
us freely; forgive us graciously; f
forgive us entirely; in the name
of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Calendar for Spring

Annual Business meeting of the
congregation. March 30, 8 .P.M.

Easter Sunday April 12.

Presbytery of Newton, April 14.

Reunion Day, May 17.

Beginning with next Sabbath
services will be held in the church
Repairs on the heating plant have
been made. Let us make it a rally
day for School and Worship.

Church Benevolences

The offerings for the past year
have been distressfully small, and
unless all our people rally to help
before March 31st, we shall as a
church be humiliated. A small
number of members have contributed
regularly the last year, and if
most of the members had given a
weekly sum however small we should
have a good report to Presbytery.

Will not those who have not
contributed weekly made a special
offering on the next two Sabbaths
for the Boards? Arrangements will
be made to receive them as distinct
from the regular current expenses.

Mrs. Clara Brigham Bennett
writes from Hartford, Conn., saying:--

Old Oxford Days
By Clinton E. Weston

"Mother has asked me to write to you, sending the money for her subscription to the church bulletin. wee sma' hours of the morning, in the halcyon days in Oxford— so weird

I am enclosing check for two dollars. As we have not seen in the bulletin any notice of the death of Elizabeth Gray Bosserman, we thought perhaps you had not heard of it. Mother received a letter from Mr. Bosserman some time ago telling of her death in November. were they one instinctively ducked under the bed covers for protection and to stave off the impending millennium—there are two that stand out vividly in my recollection.

Those who were in Oxford fifty years ago will remember her as a little girl there, and doubtless many knew her through the years when she was growing up in Dover to a fine womanhood.

Mother has kept pretty well thro' the cold weather. She is always glad to receive the bulletin and looks for items of interest about her old friends."

Mrs. D.F. Brigham is one of four or more of our subscribers and former Oxford residents, who are in their nineties, and we believe all in good health. A message like the above from all of them would be a rare treat to our readers.

We also urge our readers in general to give us more personal items about their friends, family or others who have been former, or are now, residents of Oxford.

Mr. Clinton Weston is already at work on the May Reunion. He will again be chairman of the afternoon meeting. He says in a note "It is time now to start agitation for the reunion in May so that the people will have the date kept in mind and to make arrangements accordingly. Already I have heard of two who have not attended a reunion say they expect to be there this year. The only way to be assured of a good attendance is early advertising--early and often."

Copies of the Bulletin from this time on till the Reunion will be sent to persons likely to come if names and addresses are sent us.

Of all the blood-curdling sounds that pierced the atmosphere in the wee sma' hours of the morning, in the halcyon days in Oxford— so weird were they one instinctively ducked under the bed covers for protection and to stave off the impending millennium—there are two that stand out vividly in my recollection.

One was the custom of calling puddlers to work; and to have fully appreciate it one would have to have lived in the vicinity of those who were employed in the puddling mill.

At, or about four in the morning Isaac Jones went the rounds carrying a huge club with which he belabored the fence in front of the puddler's home and at the same time yelling in a deep basso voice, "Puddlers Up's" until the pop-eyed puddler answered "Alright."

And the way that fence got beaten up was no body's business. Talk about 'sounds of revelry by night' or the booming of cannon preceding an advance was nothing but a conversation between two mutes in comparison. This fence pounding started the anvil chorus of dogs barking, horses to neighing and pigs to squealing. The only missing link was the roaring of lions to make up the managerie.

As this roar gradually subsided you emerge from your hide-out to enjoy the rest of a sleepless night, thankful that the only damage done was the collapse of the fence. That custom while effective at the time would now of course be replaced by the later night disturber, alarm clocks, but what a relief they would have been in those days.

The next curdler was when a fire occurred, when 'oft in the stilly night' men raced through the street yelling to full lung capacity the dreadful cry of, Fire! If any one thing would disturb peaceful slumber and start goose-flesh on the rampage that alarm did it successfully.

Fortunately fires were few and far between and when one did occur there was nothing much to do about it, but be a spectator to the entire consuming of the building, for the water supply was woefully limited. (over)

For so far as I am aware the only tragedy by fire happened when a small shack on the road to CatSwamp, the sole occupant of which was an elderly woman, caught fire from an exploding lamp.

Somewhere, sometime there may be other curdlers, but for the tops we pin the medal on "Puddlers Up's, and "Fire."

We hear people speak of the good old days, gone but not forgotten and in their place. Perhaps in the future the present will be referred to as the good Döle days.

Captain John Axford

Among the Scranton Papers preserved by Edward T. Green we find an interesting document, being 16 pages from the Store Ledger, containing the purchases of Captain John Axford.

There are upward of a thousand items, on the account which extended from March 1840 to May 1843.

The account is in favor of Geo. W. and S. T. Scranton, which shows that the two brothers owned the Store. We do not know anything about Capt. John Axford, but suppose that he was a grand son of the original John Axford, the first settler in this region, who built a log cabin on the site of the late Charles Scranton's house. As this was before the Civil and the Mexican Wars, where did the Captain get his title? In the War of 1812?

We would be glad for any information on the matter.

The account shows that Capt. Axford was a farmer as he paid his three year Store bill with farm products; corn, hay, veal, potatoes, etc.

The total bill for the three years was \$221.48. and the credited receipts balanced it.

There were groceries, dry goods and miscellany. The groceries were mostly coffee, tea, spices, crackers, rice, and most of all Molasses; was it what we use to call New Orleans?

But they used a lot of it, at 45 cents a gallon. It took the place of sugar apparently for little of the latter is listed, and it cost 10 cents a pound. They raised their own meat, fruit flour, and vegetables.



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